16

THE TRIMMER, HIS FRIENDLY DEBATE WITH THE OBSERVATOR CONCERNING UNIFORMITY;

Rendition of Charters, the *Houſe of Commons*, not a *Houſe of Courtiers*; and twenty things more, not worth the Rehearſal in a Title-Page.

Though it be the Common Policy of ſome Authors or Bookſellers to Wheedle Men in to th' Exchange of Money for Books, by putting more in the Title-Page, then you ſhall find in the Book; and (like the Obſervator) more in the Contents then in the Chapter.

LONDON,

Printed for R. *Hall*; And ſold by moſt Bookſellers. 1683.

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TO THE READER.

IF *any one be inquisitive to know* who comes here? (*and under the guise of a* Trimmer) I *answer*, a Friend, *a Friend to his Country, as are* all those, *and* only those *that are* Loyal to the King; *and because the* Observator *also appears* (only) *in* Maſquerade, *I also thus muffle up my self in the dark, and go* a mumming with him.

And indeed I may well be loth to be apprehended, *and known, and* taken in ſuch Company: *where gravity it ſelf may well blush to be ſeen with ſuch a* Scaramucchio.

Not that I need be afraid, or aſhamed *at any thing here writ, nor that I want a lawful* Commiſſion *to call him* (*thus*) *to* account, *ſince the Law of* God, *the Law of* Nature, *Self-preſervation, and the* Common Law *of Mankind gives every man a* Letter of Mart *againſt the* Common Picqueroon *of all good mens reputations.*

And if I have indulg'd an humour *that may ſometimes* (*poſſibly*) *ſeem* Picquant *and* Eager, *the malignity of the humour to be corrected, may require* (*at leaſt*) *indempnity. Beſides* the Obſervator *has ſo* coated himſelf *in his own* dirt, *that there's* no coming at him, *till he be* ſcrap't.

For

For Spies (or Observators) very subtilely walk Incognito, and wear a dark Lanthorn (like Faux) *in disguise; and though alwaies* ready to give fire *to the Train of their own laying, to blow up* whom *they list, and* when *they list, yet no body can certainly* tell who hurts them; *they shoot in the dark, and with* white powder, *doing* Execution, *and yet not* betray'd by the report.

So that I am forc't to bring him to light, & unhood him *sometimes, by some* (otherwise unwelcome) *Periphrasis.*

Yet can no man imagine that I or any man *should be* overforward *to attack such an* Hydra, *that* decollate *his venom* never so dextrously, *and assuredly yet the* next week *he shall still* perk up his head anew, so long as he has any *mischief to exert.*

— Iram atque animos ex crimine sumit.

Besides, There is no conquering an Ape, *all Correction is lost upon him, for lash him, and slash him never so tightly for his lustful Pranks, and mischievous Gambols, yet*

He'le turn up his Scut, *and* fnear *in your Face,*
With an impudent Grin, *and a* fearing Grimace.

THE

THE TRIMMER, HIS FRIENDLY DEBATE WITH THE OBSERVATOR.

CHAP. I.

Trim. NOW, *we have begun* to Parley, I *see some blooming hopes* of a *Peace* betwixt us, at least a *Truce*?

Obs. Never, *never*, I am *against all Peace* with Whigs, Trimmers, or Dissenters; and am only for *Execution, Execution — with a firm, hardy, and unalterable determination.* Obs. 269. Jan. 10. 1682.

Trim. Are you not capable of *any mitigation, nor moderation*?

Obs. No; *no*; I speak *no a word out*; I have (indeed, long ago) hung out the *White-flag*, (*then* was *then*, and *now* is *now*; then was your time of Treaty;) but, *now* like *Tamberlain*, I hang out nothing but the *Bloudred* Flag.

Trim. Notwithstanding which, I am (still) of opinion that your *rage* might be *mortified*, and by my hand too; at least *moderated*, or *mitigated*.

Obs. What? Dost thou think that my *Ring-worm Observations* are *inveterated* now to a *Tetter*, can be *corrected* with a little *gall-less* Ink, and a *blunt* Pen?

Trim. It is *not impossible*, if a man could think it *worth his while*: or, if it were proper to be *grave with a Buffoon*.

Obs. Then you take the *Observator* (on whose *vigilance*, and strenuous sedulity *depends* the publick Peace) to be but a *Mimick* in your esteem.

Trim. I think it is *as needless* as *ridiculous* to *rank seriously* to an *Ape*; and he that does it, *is the greatest Ape of the two*; and *yet*, *to suffer the mischievous Ape*, to play his Gambols uncorrected, *what patience or wisdom can endure it*? For so noysome and *offensive are some Animals* to humane kind, that it *concerns all mankind* to get quit of the Annoyance, *with as speedy* a riddance and *dispatch* as may be, by any lawful means, how *great soever* be the *drudgery*.

Obs. Then *why do you undertake* such a drudgery?

Trim. I confess *there is no credit* in the Rancounter, where the *victory* deserves *pardon* (only;) no Triumph.

Obs. Then you *doubt not the victory* be like.

Trim. Victory? I attempt *none over Thee*, *more than* (a Scavinger does) *over the Kennel*; it is an employment more *easy*, and necessary, then *creditable*; and he that (for publick-good) *stoops to it*, cannot possibly do it *without dirtying his fingers*, be he never so warily *cleanly*. *Besides*, there is in an *Observator*, such a concurrence of *odd and sinister* qualities, that it is *some difficulty* to treat him *suitably*, and yet *effectually*.

Obs. Why so? Am I a *man* of such *Cross-purposes*?

Trim.

Trim. Let the Company judge; for, treat a Monky *seriously*, and correct him *never so effectually*, and he'le only *fleer* at you; and on the other hand, treat him *suitably* (that is) *Apishly*, and the By-standers will *laugh at both*; the best way is to put a *chain about the loins* of the wanton Baboon, and *tie him up* from further harm.

Obs. And in the interim, you will shew a good reason for it.

Trim. As good reason (at least) as you shew for execution, execution of all Trimmers, and Dissenters, men of as good conscience, and merit (surely) as your good Worship. For God and Nature, Justice and Reason, Self-preservation, and the common-law of mankind have given *every Man a License to smite a Viper, or a Mad-Dog*, that foams out nothing but *rage, and ruine to all* he can snap at, biting (like mad) *all that comes in his way*, as long, and as far as *his feeble Legs*, and old Teeth will permit him; and when they fail, still the *howling, Execution, Execution* — will any man in his wits stop that *barr'd able hand, that will maul the old Cur*?

Obs. You make a very Beast of me; the worst of Beasts? *Viper*? Mad old *Cur*? You begin to be good Company; but is not this too reflecting, *rude* and *Personal*?

Obs. 273. *Trim.* It is *just and Personal*, for he that *unmans himself* by losing all sense of humanity, spitting fire, vomiting Daggers and Knives, disgorging Halters, as fast as a Jugler does Ribbons, *and breathing flames, and Execution, Execution, with a firm, hardy, and unalterable determination*, howling against all *moderation, mitigation*, &c. *makes a Beast of himself*, and by his Barbarity *turns Salvage*.

Obs. Have you any Commission to use me thus?

Trim. Yes; the *Commission is made in nature*, and given to all; is it not lawful to *wipe off the dirt*, that rude hands *shall throw* at any mans face? at least, *more lawful then to asperse and calomniate*? That man that *turns Satyr*, discovers thereby (like the Devil, who also *like a Satyr* is pourtrayed with) his *Cloven-feet*; every man blesses himself from him: And therefore a Satyr is also painted with *wrinkled Horns*; that as he *gores* every man, so every man thinks it lawful to have *a fling at him*? A Commission (*quoth he*?) to chastise an *old* Apish *mischievously* mad *Observator*, that like a *Salvage Indian, runs a muck*, killing all he can come at, till *some lucky hand knock* the desperate villain *down*, and so prevent *Execution, Execution*, with which he plagued mankind, *with a firm, hardy, and unalterable determination*. Surely the Law and Justice that *permits you* to asperse men with your *false Colours, and dirt of your own* invention, and *scraping up* against me a *Trimmer*, and *all Trimmers* for my sake, in your *quickly* and *daily* pamphlets, *cannot in Equity or Justice* keep two scales, and two measures; *one to buy by*, and another *to sell by*; one *Winchester-measure*, another *Rumford*; one *for favour*, and affection, another for *disaffection*; one for an *Observator*, another for a *Trimmer*, one for a *Tory-non-con*, another for a *Whig-non-con*; one for an *erroneous* Conscience, another for him that has *none at all*. Justice should be blind, as well as keep just weights and measures; Justice, true Justice have no respect of Persons, know *not their own Sons*, or marry, (Sir, *Quis judex*?) nor yet their *own Masters*, nor *friends* in *Judgment*, for they that have *but one Ear* open, deserve to be *crapt*, and to *lose both*. They should not be like the *Sacred Prophet*, who undertook certainly to *Divine, and foretel* at any time in *any Law-Suit*, which side would be *nonsuited*, long *before trial*; but the *Famous Lowne* took *him* (like *Goddy* Astrologers) *from answers* to some *previous* questions, which *directly* guided, and directed his *Divination, wherein he seldom* or never *did err*: enquiring first, (thus) *Pray ye, who is the Whig and who is the Tory*? And accordingly gave Judgment for Plaintiff or Defendant, as the Judges (*he knew*) were inclined; Judge *Hales* is dead.

Obs. Ay, long ago, but his place is not empty.

Trim. Such places seldom stand long empty, may they for ever be well-fill'd, & then Justice will not be *severe* against a necessary Apology, and yet connive at an Observator that bespatters Trimmers with *all the blood shed in Eng. Scot. and Irel.* ascribing it (O tis *Strange*) to the *moderating, mitigating, abating* &c. *Councils of Trimmers*.

Obs. What shameless villain could have *so little modesty*, or *so much sense* to ascribe such *dismal* events to be the *effects of moderation*, and mitigation, 'tis *too much nonsense* for so ingenuous an *Observator* to be guilty of it.

Trim. I cannot help that, but if I should take notice of all your escapes, I should be *more voluminous* then *Varro*; besides, since your *weekly*, and sometimes *daily Observations* has *replenished* the world, they *need no more Bumfodder* this seven years, I'le maintain it. Therefore I'le *neither offend* my self, nor my Reader, *with turning my head further back* (to look upon such nasty Excrements of your Brain) then from

January

January 10. 1682. *Obs. N.* 169. where you ascribe *not only all the Blood shed* for 40 long years, and upwards, to the *moderating and mitigating Councils* of Trimmers, but particularly also the *death of the Earl of* Strafford, and the murther of the *late King* is laid to the same account.

Obs. I remember no such matter.

Trim. A *man of your talent needs a better memory*, but *you did* say so.

Obs. Where?

Trim. I have told you, in *Obs. n.* 169. *What was it but trimming Councils that ruined the late King*, &c.

Obs. Go on.

Trim. Ay, *that would be wise work*, to reprint your *Observator*, when any man *may have them* at the upper end of *Holborn* for *two pence a Bushel*. Do you not say, *How was all this brought about?* By *moderating* (you answer) *mitigating, qualifying, abating, promising, undertaking, flattering, distinguishing, insinuating, expostulating, importuning, supplicating, whining, deploring, despending*, &c. *in cases where there was no way left* to preserve the Publick but *Execution, Execution, with a firm, hardy, and unalterable determination.*

Obs. Nay, *If I have said it*, I'le stand to it, my Pen never undertook any thing but it *carried it.*

Trim. The wrong way, confessedly. Will you promise not to laugh at me, if I be a *little serious with such a Scaramouche?*

Obs. Speak your pleasure with the same liberty that I have taken.

Trim. If I should say, *Let your moderation be known unto all men*, I should too gravely reflect your Buffoonry; but prethee tel me *soberly*, (if thou canst be sober) Did ever Christ, or his blessed Apostles *bring nothing but Execution*, Execution? Did they not *conquer the salvage World* with meekness, moderation and mitigation, mildly teaching the nearest way to Heaven, and to Temperance, Sobriety, Meekness, Piety, *the only way* thither, and the *only way to Peace* and Happiness *in the* World, as well as in *another* World?

Obs. I cannot deny it.

Trim. Then (prethee) why dost thou pretend to be more *concerned* for them *temporal and eternal* welfare than they *are* themselves?

Obs. I would but *guide them*, and if they *will not follow*, they know *what follows*, and let them *take what follows.*

Trim. Ay, ay, *so let them*, Execution, *let them have it, simply* and *unalterably*, till the Hang-men be *tir'd and dying*, till they vomit blood again, and *spue* like a Horseleech, or like that horrid *French* King, (that great persecutor of the Protestants) that died bloody all over, his blood could not be by any Art, be *dryed*, but gush'd out at *Mouth, Eyes, Nose, Ears*, and all the other holes in his Body, after his *Parisian Massacre*. And yet Atheists and Persecutors attribute this to *chance*, when the *finger of God was so visible*, (so did *Tonnes* and *Lambrun*, till at last, to their confusion, they were convinced.) This was the end of that *Charles* the 9th of *France*, who viewing the dead Carkasses of his Protestant Subjects, that lay unburied after the *Parisian Massacre*, and amongst the rest, the *dead Body of the Admiral of France*. Oh! (cries he) *quam fœtet inimicus mortuus?* How pleasant is the smell of an Enemies corps? So the *Queen Mother* of Scotland beholding the dead Bodies of her Protestant Subjects, (whom she had slain in battle) said, *she never saw a finer piece of Tapestry in her life.* But these Horseleeches lived by blood, and by *blood* they died.

Obs. Ay, but we are *not for blood*, for killing Men for Religion.

Trim. A *good reason why*, you cannot, because the Writ *de Hæretico comburendo* is null and void. But was there not ways to bring a *Cranmer* to death for pretence of Treason, when Heresie could not do it? And will any man that makes *no Conscience to take my purse*, scruple to knock me in the head, if he have opportunity. All Persecutors, like all Dogs, are *all of a kind*, though some are of *less growth* than others, a *Terrier* can't Curr would *pull as near like a Mastiff*, or an *Irish-Greyhound*, if it had the power, which makes me think of Sir *George Blage*, one of King *Henry* the 8th's Bed-chamber, and in whom the King took great *complacence* and delight; for Sir *George* was most pleasantly facetious, and *Company for a Prince*, but he was a *true Protestant in the very heart of him*, and consequently did no very good Offices to the King (*the Bishops thought*) in reference to them and their Rock-fast, cut ways; but to be revenged *on Execution*, that they *seldom adjourned longer than till the Gallows was set up*, and the Halter and Hang-men ready, good Men!) they got Sr. *George* into their Spiritual Courts, and condemned him forthwith for Heresie, (hoping to dispatch him before the King should have notice) and just *as they had turned*

him

him over to the secular Power, only to burn him a little *to ashes*, (tender hearts) *unluckily came the King's Pardon*, and spoiled the sport, when Sir *George* coming to thank the King for his *grace*, Ah, *my Pig!* (quoth the King, for so he used to call him) *yea, saith Sir George*, but if your Majesty had not been better to me than the Bishops, *your Pig had been roasted before this time*. And if the Governours had followed the *Execution, Execution*, to which (like a Malepert Incendiary) *you tutor them, our business had been done* by this time, either roasted or raw. Thus you are become the *Publick Bellows*, daily kindling and *blowing up the Coals* of Dissention keeping up Differences, and Parties, and Animosities, *that would lie dead if Hodge had bread.*

CHAP. II.

Obs. WHy am I thus neglected then? *no preferment stirring* a daies?

Trim. Preferment? Yes, for want whereof, you have under my name, and *upon my back*, like a *discontented Pedant*, whipt and *flasht even into Place and Power* (these two months) as men that are *so ignorant* as to be so *stupid*, as to be *so dull*, as *not to see* your merit, and *how well you have deserved* of the publick.

Obs. Such men (as you speak of) *like your self*, are crept up into High places and Preferments, and not only so, but (as if you were also the very *Pimps* to preferment,) *hold the door*, shutting *it against better* Men than your selves, Men that have been always *Loyal*, always constant; 'tis these Trimmers that know *my merit and Loyalty* so well, that their knowledg of it has undone me; they know I am *too honest* for some Courts, and too *plain a dealer*, which (as I told you lately) *has undone me.*

Obs. p. 272.

Trim. Thou Loyal and constant? yes, thou wast always *loyal to White-hall*; and very complacent to old *Oliver*, to humour and oblige him, with the *only talent* you can glory in, or *Oliver* took delight in, namely, *your Fiddle-sticks*; thou art loyal and constant to *White-hall, whoever is the occupant*, and in possession, right or wrong.

Obs. p. 268.

Obs. Did not I give you a List (the other day) of those Names that have been always *loyal*, always constant; *try'd men, and never deserved a trust*; *never swerv'd from their duty*, *never doubted nor faltred in the worst times?*

Trim. Yes, *you did*, I remember by *this token*, that your own dear self was the Foreman impanelled in the Inquest, with an Asterism, or *hand in the margent* overagainst it, and underneath these words (which I suppose you stole out of the Ring *Mrs. Betty* gave you) *when this you see, remember me*; sure you live amongst bad neighbours, that you are glad (thus) to be *your own Trumpet, Mr. Nobs.*

Obs. Trimmer, thou never spok'st a truer word in thy Life; a company of dull Rogues, they see not the dimensions and *goodly size* of a man of parts; sometimes even at *Sam's Coffee-house* the *dull Crapes* will make a half-grin, when they meet with a good jeast and witty in my Observations, whilest others laugh at them for laughing at that which (they say) is neither witty nor a jeast; and when I *break as good a jeast* as any in the Three Kingdoms, *Ay dad*, they say it is no more worth the laughing at, than if I had broke *wind*, (saving your presence) calling me but the very *Coxcomb* of the Nation.

Trim. They *abuse their* own wit that *suspect yours.*

Obs. Ay dad, *Trimmer*, I begin to love thee now for that very word, and if all the *men in Place and Power*, whom I have persecuted so long under *your vizard*, had but your *Brains and Eyes* in their Skulls, I had not thus long been *neglected*, and forc'd to *write for Bread*, my daily Bread *sometimes*; and dad I have *deserved better* of the publick.

Trim. And no doubt but you *will be advanced* in good time, according to your deserts.

Obs. So I have hoped long, *indeed*, but I have lived *upon hopes* till I am *almost starved.*

Trim. Why do you not chastise the Government for being such a negligent *blind Government*, as not to discern the *pregnancy* of your parts, the constancy of your Loyalty, and the great *use* and need they have of you?

Obs.

Obs. Is that (now) to do? sure thou doſt *not read*, at leaſt, *not heed* my Obſervations; have I not rendred the *great ones* therefore (this 2 or 3 moonths) a ſort of *hollow-friends* to the Government, calling them *Trimmers*; ay dad, I have *paid them off*, and have charg'd them with no leſs then the *murther of the late King*, the death of the Earl of *Strafford*, the Maſſacre in *Ireland*, nay, the only cauſe of all the blood and ruine in the three Kingdoms *for above theſe forty years*? I have mauld them E dad, and reveng'd my ſelf upon them *ſufficiently*, (I think,) *inconſiderate men*; they might have conſider'd me *ſooner*, E dad, I trounc't them, for their *moderating, and mitigating councils*, that ruin'd all, when nothing but *bold, and hardy Execution*, Execution can ſave us; *and a firm, hardy, and unalterable determination*. Obſ. n. 269.

Trim. And for which you muſt endure my leveſt laſh *by and by*; why? *Thou more than Bedlamer!* was ever *moderation, mercy or mitigation*, of Councils compounded of ſuch Ingredients, *guilty* of ſo much blood and ruine? I thought it had been the *bloody Iriſh*, and Papiſts, that were the *cauſe* of the bloody Maſſacre in *Ireland*, and alſo the *Inſtruments* thereof. Obſ. Jan. 10. n. 269.

Obſ. The Trimmers, E dad, I have ſaid it;

Trim. Yes, you have ſaid as, and printed it too; and if it had not been to undeceive you (for I ſuppoſe there is not a man in the world believes it, *except your dear ſelf*, and perhaps not your ſelf neither) I had not vouchſaf't to *humble* my ſelf ſo *much to cenſure*, as to be *ſeen in ſuch company*; but now, that my hand is in, i'le make you come on the publick-ſtage, (now that I have got you on to my own ground) as often as I liſt, (juſt as you have uſed *me* (theſe 2 months) *and all Trimmers* for my ſake, laſhing us in Publick, *in ſpight of our teeth*, and under the *name of Trimmers, have expoſed us in Place and Power, to Coffee-houſe-chat, and laughter*, moſt *ſawcily* (all the Kingdom over,) *in revenge* of their *ſlighting* you, and *your ſullen* Petitions for Preferment; for which I will chaſtiſe you *Nobs*--- before I have done; indeed, *I muſt*, I will; come, *Hot-cockles*, you muſt (now) lie *down in your Turn*. Obſ. n. 269.

Obſ. Hola, Sir, hold! E dad, *I do not like you* at firſt, you ſeem to have *dogged, hard Vulcan's hand*, this muſt not be ſuffered, nor will the Government *ſuffer a man of my loyalty* to be ſmitten in earneſt upon pretence of Hot-cockles ſport, or a Chriſtmas-game;

Trim. Why! Does the Government think themſelves ſo much concern'd *in you*, and *for you*, as not to ſuffer more true Loyalty, then any Tories heart or head was ever capable of, *to wipe off that blood* & guilt, which (it has quietly ſuffer'd you *without check or rebuke*) to throw *upon all that has neglected*, or diſcontented you, or that *ſtands in your way*, only becauſe you are *hungry, or angry*.

Obſ. It is not the *Government that can* be an Enemy to *Nobs*--- it knows it's own *intereſt too well*; neglect *Nobs*, and neglect *its ſelf*.

Trim. Who (then) *has wanger'd thee*? dear heart!

Obſ. The Trimmers, hollow friends to the Government, and *hollow hearts*, that yet are *got too near the head*, 'tis theſe that I have ſo publickly chaſtiz'd, and whipt them for their pains, on the publick-ſtage, 'tis theſe on whom I can *never be ſufficiently reveng'd*, for they know *if I were in play, they muſt ſit out*, and be by-ſtanders; I am ſo loyal, and have been ſo faithful *all along*, and ſincere, *E dad*, this *plain-dealing has undone me*; 'tis cogging, lying, flattering Sycophants *that carry it too often*, Ay dad, I know *where*.

Trim. Nay, you do not ſtick to tell us *where*, you know the place where you *woo'd the Uſurper* with *your only Talent*, that you knew he lik'd, *your Fiddle*.

Obſ. This is old, and ſhould not be again ript up: it has *kept me under* all along, and has been oft *dung in my Teeth*.

Trim. Ay, *and will be*, when impudent men, (*ſuch as you Nobs*,) will run away with *all the* great *Loyalty* and conſtancy, the Neighbourhood *are up*, and preſently *in purſuit*, (as after a man that runs away with a great bundle under his Cloaths) apt to cry *ſtop Thief*, thinking *themſelves rob'd*, and therefore will make bold to *ſearch him*, and enquire whether *he came honeſtly by it*.

CHAP. III.

Obs. CAn *any man deny* my Loyalty, when I have told them so often (in Print) that *I had like to have been hanged for being loyal*, at *Lyme Regis*, in the late Wars.

Trim. *For being loyal* say you? was it not for being an *Observator*?

Obs. It was for being taken as *a Spy* (or *Observator*) in the Parliaments Garrison.

Trim. A Spye (that comes *under colour of a friend to betray*) is always hang'd up (by all sides, by *the Law of Arms*.) Men give fair quarter to a fair and open Enemy, but seldom or *never spare* an *Observator*, or (to use your own word) *a Spye*. But if you had *swinged for it*, what cause would *all mankind* have had to bemoan *the loss* of such an harmonious *Fidler*? As cruel *Nero* apprehended his death would *therefore* be lamented, whilest all mankind *rejoyced in the deserved death* of the bloody and *treacherous Monster* of Men, who took delight in *hearing so much* as in Execution, Execution, with a *firm, hardy and unalterable determination*.

Obs. But I was *a Spye on the right side*.

Trim. We'le talk of that anon. In the interim, *What kind of Preferment* would you have?

Obs. Any place of Honour, Command, Authority, and Profit, especially *this last*, for my *Age* requires *Ease*, and my merits ought to be paid: The State is *much in my debt*.

Trim. I hope, *your Arrears* will all be paid to a farthing at last.

Obs. In the interim, here *I sigh*, and *here* for bread *I write*, and *E dad* the wits do but *jeer me* for my pains; nay, a considerable Lady (*a She-trimmer*) could say that *I scribble for Bread*, but E dad *I paid her off*, and hit her home, E dad, into the very belly of her, *E dad*, saying, *have me recommended to her*, we are so *alike*, for both of us (like *other Monkies*) show tricks, and play tricks, and *provide for the Belly*; E dad, I think it was a good jeast; and yet the Rogues say, *I grow dull*.

Trim. Let *such feel the acuteness* of your wit, and make them smart for it, if they question *the sharpness* of your pen and stile.

Obs. Ay, *Ay*, but *my very acquaintance* also begin to give *it out that I am dull*; now I *am the farthest from it in the whole World*, E dad, but only they think so, because *I am say nothing*.

Trim. *To the purpose*.

Obs. E dad, *let a man write never so well*, there are now a days a sort of persons they call Criticks, that E dad have no more wit in them than so many Hobby-Horses; but they'le laugh you (Sir,) and find fault, and censure things that, E dad, I am sure they are not able to do themselves. A sort of envious persons, that emulate the glories of Persons of parts, and think to build their fame by calumniating of persons that, ay dad, to my knowledge of all persons in the world, are in Nature the persons that do as much despise all that as——

Trim. Hold, *hold*! enough! I *know this has been your language* and almost your *very words* (these two months) against the persons that have despised and neglected you, and indeed you are but a *Plaggary* for your pains: They are the *very words of Mr. Bayes* in the *Rehearsal*.

Obs. I cannot tell that; they are *my own sentiments*, and natural; good wits may jump; but whether *Bayes* stole it from me, or I from him, *what's this in excuse* of the Hollow-Trimmers, that have neglected and despised my *Loyalty* and *Constancy*, *so long* (hitherto) *unrewarded*?

Trim. You were made *Overseer of the Press*.

Obs. Pish, what's to be got by that?

Trim. A *good job* (you know) *sometimes*,

Obs. Trimmer, No more of that, *if thou loveſt me*.

Trim. What is it (then) you would have me get for you?

Obs. A place, *a place*, an Office! get me some place *of Worship*, and Authority, however *Profit*.

Trim.

Trim. For what cause?

Obs. *For my old Loyalty*, and for my watchings and toils; daily and nightly *watchings* and *wardings* (together with Honest *Nat.* Irish *Nat.* Loyal *Nat.*) how have we watcht and warded *ne Respublica detrimentum capiat*, and all for nothing?

Trim. Yes; you have already got a Prison, Poverty, or a Pillory for your pains.

Obs. E dad, 'tis true: the world is an ungrateful world, a blind *world*, they neither *discern* Men of worth, nor *pay them* to their value.

Trim. Yes, *Nat.* was paid off.

Obs. Pish! *now you jeer*; he was indeed paid poor *Nat.* poor wretch, poor *Tory*, poor *Irish-tory*, poor Curr.

Trim. That is the *worst* of Tories.

Obs. No, *your Irish* Tory is the *truest* Tory.

Trim. And the great *Grandsire* of Tories, and the *Godfather* of all true *English* Tories, and *gave them their name*; but how shall we know an Irish or English Tory from a *Whigg*?

Obs. A great many ways, for they are almost as contrary as Heaven and Hell, *Light* and *Darkness*.

Your Whigg never swears, or if he does, 'tis some dwindling Oath, (as) *by my troth*; whereas *your true Tory-Boy* lets fly roundly Grenado's, but such as kill *the hare*, damme, damn me, *Hell and Damnation*, *God bless the King*, he swears, and the Duke of *York*, and damn the *Whiggs* and the D. of M. still *interchanging Huzza's and Curses* till his drink *make him quiet*, (that is) *asleep*.

Trim. What else?

Obs. Your true Tory *goes more to cursing*, than the *other by praying*, yet both preferred, one to *Command*, the other *to a Gaol*.

Trim. This is not for praying to God, but for *praying to God without the good leave* and license of the *Act* of Uniformity.

Obs. E dad, *we'le uniform you all*, and make you all alike, before we have done; give me bold *and hardy Execution*, and hang up *the mitigating and moderating Councils*, and all-heal, or compounding, *mollifying* Trimmers, *abating*, *supplicating*, *whining*, *deploring*, *desponding* Trimmers. Obs. n. 269.

Trim. But *how shall we know a* Trimmer, a *hollow-hearted* Trimmer, that loves the Government but *only from the teeth outwards*?

Obs. Trimmer thou shouldst not need to ask any such *needless* Questions; I have published lately the *only true Rule*, and infallible, the *very test* of true and constant Loyalty.

Trim. I have forgot it, repeat it.

Obs. Mark me *Trimmer*, wouldst thou *see thine own Face* in my Glass? then look you, *Trimmer*, see but *that leering look* of thine when thou lookest *at me with* such scorn and *neglect*: That's my Rule, *despise the Observator*, *and you despise the Government*; despise the true, loyal, and always constant Friends of the Government, and you are Trimmers *in the heart of you*, *despise honest Hody*, *and honest Nat. and E dad despise all the World*; that has any worth in it, and Learning, and a Man *good at* any thing, *at every thing*.

Trim. A very *Kick-shaw* of all *Learning*, the very *Olio Podrido* of Arts, and yet no *body* minds thee, nor *heeds thee*.

Obs. No, E dad, not *to reward me*, the Rogues will buy up my Observations, take *Politick*-notes, and *Divinity*-notes too out of them, E dad; Divine and Politick Observations *to save the Kingdom and Souls* also, and worth a million, *and all* this *for a Penny*, a whole *sheet full of Loyalty for a Penny*; *too cheap in all Conscience*, if it were not to friends, and that the safety of the Nation *depends* upon these *fingers*, and these Eagle-sighted-*Eyes* in a poor, old, and neglected *Observator*.

Trim. *A Nation* too that must *perish*, and come to naught, if the *Goat* should cramp *those* as it has done *your Toes*.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

Obſ. Then you would make us believe that it was not the old Trimmers moderating, moderating Councils that ruin'd all, but quite contrary, *raſh, heady, and precipitate Councils* for putting into bold and *hardy Executions*, the *Ceremonies and Inventions of ſome Churchmen* that would make the *Scots* conform to them, or they would venture, and *run the hazard* of having the old Women of *Edenburgh*, and *Bess* throw *ſtools and ſtones* at them; and ſo the War *firſt* began, that ended not ſo eaſily, and from that Church *Hell* (firſt) *broke looſe*.

Trim. I would not make you, nor *any body elſe believe* any thing, but what wou'd experience *will* (however) in time *teach you, that God is the King of Conſciences*, that to invade *Gods Juriſdiction is as unſafe as unſinful*; that *Hair-brain'd-ſpecters are the Nurſe of the Kingdom*, and by their *ſanguinary*, and *precipitate* Councils, in *maintenance* of their own little ſopperies, *let the King or Kingdom ſink or ſwim*, on they would, at all adventures, till *they could go no further*; and then they ſung *another tune*, and ſo will you (Mr. *Obſervator!*) in time, when you have got your *Belly full* of Preferments, and alſo your *heart full* of Curſes, Anathema's, Fines, and Impriſonments, ruine and deſolation, and of the *tears of Widows and Orphans*, which have a *cry*.

Obſ. And I muſt tell you (*Trimmer!*) if it had not been *for ſuch bold, and hardy Executions*, as I have *adviſ'd and obſerv'd*, things had not been in *ſo fair a way* as they are.

Trim. Prethee inſtruct me (then!) for I *do not ſee ſuch a fair way* as things are in, (at leaſt) *nothing to brag on*, leaſt of all *from your endeavours*.

Obſ. Why? *Are not the Conventicles rooted? ſtirr'd, raiſed*; and Priſons *full'd with the wretches?*

Trim. And that you call your fair way.

Obſ. I think things go *towardly* on, and are in a *hopeful poſture*, by dad, theſe moderating, *mitigating Councils* of Trimmers had like to have *ſpoil'd* all again; Execution, *Execution*, I cry.

Trim. Have you *alwaies* cri'd ſo?

Obſ. Yes, ever ſince I *underſtood the world*, and the *true ſeat* of Intereſt.

Trim. Was that your cry at *Lynn Regis*?

Obſ. Ay dad, I am glad you put me in mind of it again, *for that piece* of Loyalty I *was condemn'd to be hang'd* by a Court-martial (as I have told the world in Print,) and *yet*, ay dad, *here is the man* that is (this day) *unrewarded* (as yet) *for that ſervice*.

Trim. Oh! you were condemn'd for being an Obſervator, taken as a ſpy, in the Enemies Garriſon.

Obſ. Who knows not that?

Trim. And after Condemnation, you cri'd out, *Execution, Execution, a bold, and hardy Execution.*

Obſ. Ay dad, but (though I will not give you the lie) I ſay *you tell a Whisker*.

Trim. Then Execution, *Execution has not alwaies been* the Word.

Obſ. No, I confeſs *there I was miſtaken*; but though I would have *Sinners*, and Tranſgreſſours of the Law Executed, I would not have men *hang'd up that are Innocent and Loyal*.

Trim. I do not ſay but you might perhaps be (on that occaſion) both Innocent and Loyal, though a man *may be Loyal*, and yet *not Innocent* in ſome caſes; as if a Loyal man happen to act againſt the Law of Nature, or Law of Arms, or Law of God, or his Oath in purſuance of Loyalty.

Obſ. There is no Promiſe, nor Oath, nor Faith to be kept with Hereticks.

Trim. So indeed the *Council* of *Conſtance* held, and ſo do the Jeſuites *now*. But in all Wars, *one ſide* is alwaies the *wrong ſide*, yet there is ſuch a thing as a *Law of Arms*, and a Law of Honour, which *both the right, and the wrong ſide hold Sacred*, for fear (at leaſt) *the wrong ſide* (*as it hapned in your caſe*) get ſometimes the *longeſt* Sword: and it has been thought *no diſhonour to take Quarter*, no more then *to give Quarter*, when the *long Sword* (though the *wrong Sword*) keeps the Field.

Obſ.

Obſ. A dad, *I do not like this giving of Quarter* to an enemy.

Trim. No, I ſee *you attribute to the Wars*, and Blood ſhed to theſe *mitigating*, qualifying, compounding, and moderating Councils; it is giving of Quarter, *clearly*.

Obſ. Ay dad, I do, and I will (*to my dying day*) oppoſe *mitigation, and moderation*.

Trim. You do *not know that*; for you *may be againſt Execution*, bold and hardy Execution, *yet* (once more) before *you die*.

Obſ. Never, *never*: ſince *my* Councils and *Obſervations* were the *Charts we ſteer'd by*, we have got *the weather-gage*, ay dad, *and right afore it*.

Trim. Plume not your ſelf on that ſcore; for *nothing is ſo changeable* as the wind.

Obſ. I tell thee, (*Trimmer!*) my ſteady Councils are *firm as a Rock*.

Trim. So *Dionyſius* ſaid, that his Party was tied to him with *Chains of Adamant*; you *do not know* the world (ſo much as you boaſt of,) if you know not that its *affections are more inconſtant* then thoſe of *Women*, its glories *fading as beauty*, youth or ſtrength; *nothing conſtant but unconſtancy* on this ſide the Moon; not, that I do not pray againſt all change, nor *will I meddle with them that are given to it*; but that ſingle inſtance at *Lynn-Regis*, may alone make *you in love* with moderating, and *mitigating Councils*, as long as you live.

Obſ. You could not honour me, nor my memory more then in that ſingle inſtance, the *only convincing Evidence* of my Loyalty; ay dad, I 'ſcap't fair; I cannot but tremble to think on't yet.

Trim. They were of the wrong ſide that condemn'd you indeed, but you were condemn'd by *their Law of Arms*; I do not ſay juſtly, but would think the contrary; yet *Loyalty is one thing*, and Treachery is *another*; does not all poſterity commend the Roman General that *ſent home* a treacherous villain to *Pyrrhus*, (whom the wretch promiſed to ſlay) ſcorning to be reveng'd of his Enemy *by foul play*; or if he lov'd the Treaſon, *he hated the Traytor?* We muſt not do *evil*, that *good* may come thereof.

Obſ. Dare you ſay *it is evil* to ruine Rebels?

Trim. Not *by fair War*; but Obſervators, or *Spies* (that come under colour of Friendſhip into an Enemies Camp, have by all Nations been *abhor'd*, as contrary to the Laws of Arms, and *hang'd up* immediately.

Obſ. And for that cauſe you think my Loyalty is well enough rewarded, if it *compound for the Treachery*.

Trim. I ſay, as all men ſay, *I love valour in an Enemy, and I hate Treachery in a Friend*; for he is *not my Friend* that conſults not *honour*; nor can *Loyalty be meritorious*, if accompanied with baſeneſs, and treachery; who (*but a needy wretch*) will be a Spy, or *Obſervator?*

Obſ. Ay dad, I ſhall *admire my Sagacity* the better as long as I live *for this Trick*; have I not propheſied right (*all along*) who it is *that ſwore me?* Ay dad, I ſee plainly (*now*) even to demonſtration true it is, that *the reaſon why I have not been preferr'd*, and advanc't according to my merits, is the *whiſpers, and ſly inſinuations of ſuch Trimmers* ſuggeſtions, (*as this is*) which has *put a ſtake in my Ladder*, ay dad, that has kept me *down, from riſing*, thus long, a man of my ſufficiencies, uſefulneſs, and abilities.

Trim. You may be *mounted yet* before you die.

Obſ. I do not know that; but I know what you mean; And I fear no Colours, I ſcap't narrowly once (though) *ay dad*; but my learning has been ſo *beneficial to the Clergy*, that ay dad, they are ingrateful that *deny me the benefit of the Clergy*, let the worſt come to the worſt.

Trim. But you that have been ſo near the Gallows (already) for being a buſy Obſervator, or Spy, ſhould (*by this time*) have learnt to be ſo wiſe for your ſelf, as not always to be ſpitting *nothing but fire out of your mouth, breathing vengeance*, and howling out, *Execution*, Execution.

Obſ. Ay dad, I do not know but it may be *well enough yet*; is Loyalty *but a name* and a *word*? Is there no ſuch *thing?*

Trim. Yes, ſure *there is ſuch a thing*, and one of the *beſt things* in the world, *next to* Obedience to *Heaven*; but, (my friend!) is *legality but a word* neither? Is *Law*, Juſtice, and *mercy but mere words* neither? Is there *no ſuch things* (think you) *in nature?* Is *all the world* rul'd with precipitate, *haſty, Heady Councils*, hardy *Execution*, Paſſion, *Violence*, Force, and *Revenge?* You know that we (in *England*) are *not ſo rul'd*, nor *ever were* (long *ago rul'd*: your *Predeceſſor* (the Obſervator) *Tacitus* (above 1600 years ago) obſerv'd that *Britains* breed men that would *obey*, and be *good Subjects*, but were *vilely loath to be ſlaves*; they would pay *legal Taxes*, but could not en-

Tacit. in vita Julii Agricolæ.

dure to be oppreſt; Britannis *dilectum ac Tributa & injuncta Imperii munera impigrè obeunt, ſi injuria abſint*; *hæc ægrè tolerant, jam domiti ut pareant, nondum ut ſerviant*: The Roman-valour had tam'd them to *Obedience*, but could not *enſlave them for the heart of them*, do what they could.

CHAP. V.

Obſ. AY dad, but ſome of your Friends (in *New-England*) were *glad to fly* for it, as ſome do *now*, to the *Salvage Indians*, and the Torrid *Zone*.

Trim. As the more temperate, and hoſpitable clime of the two, when Pillories, and Anathema's, and Fines, and Jayls, and the *High-Commiſſion-Court* made *old* England *too hot* for them; and this is your Council *now*.

Obſ. Yes.

Trim. But what were *the events of theſe Councils* in thoſe days?

Obſ. Ay dad, *good luſty fines*, &c. and almoſt *beggar'd the Rogues*.

Trim. And enrich't the King and Kingdom?

Obſ. No, I cannot ſay *that*; it was thought *the contrary*, and to make *ſuch a damp* of Trade, and the Kings *Cuſtoms ſo extenuated*, and the People *generally ſo diſcontented*, that the Parliament Mens Pockets (that ſhould have fill'd the Kings empty Exchequer, and paid his vaſt debts) were fill'd rather with *grievances*, grievances, the *loud groans* of the People, and cries and lamentations all the Kingdom over. But *I am the man* that has (now) diſcover'd *another way to the wood*; would it not be brave to have *all Parliament-Men* choſen by *the King and Court*?

Trim. No, It would be ſo *far from brave*, that it would quite unhinge the Government, and lift it up from its old fundamentals, and foundation, and *by ſeeming to advance it higher*, ſhake it, and endanger it, and ruine *that*, *which* has been a happy ſhelter to the Kings, and Subjects of *England*, more than any other Kingdom under Heaven.

Obſ. There ſpoke a Trimmer, and yet you love the King, *you pretend*.

Trim. Let him periſh that loves him not better then thou doſt.

Obſ. What, better then a *Try'd man* that *never warpt*, &c.

Trim. Never (but once) when all the Kingdom warpt.

Obſ. Well; *no more of that*, I know what you mean, but *enough*, enough of it.

Trim. Be it ſo; *nor had your fawning Sycophantry*, and complacence *to any thing that is uppermoſt* (now) been luin in your diſh, but that *you* (and ſuch as you) whoſe guilt and ſins makes you tremble to think of a Parliament, an *Engliſh-Parliament*, choſen by the *People* (*not* by the *Court*) makes ſome ſeem to think of altering the *antient Law*, and rights *of the three Eſtates of this Realm*, the very attempt whereof has *alwaies been accounted Treaſon*, but *over Boots, over Shoes*; He that knows he muſt be hang'd, cares not which way he mounts the Ladder: if *Corporations* ſhall have no Officers, nor any to Elect Parliament-men, or to make returns, when they are Elected, *but only whom the Court ſhall approve, nominate, or* at leaſt *confirm*; then the third eſtate, and great eſtate of this Realm, in the Money-buſineſs eſpecially, *ſhall not* (nay) cannot *be called* longer *the Houſe* of *Commons*, but *Houſe of Courtiers*.

Obſ. E dad, Trimmer, *you are a perillous Trimmer* I ſee, and would hinder the Loyalty of Corporations *from ſurrendring* their old Charters *for new ones, and better*, with only this addition, they ſhall hold their Freedoms and Liberties, *quamdiu ſe bene geſſerint, as long as they are good Boys*, and chuſe *none but whom* the Court does approve.

Trim. We have a good and gracious King God grant he may overlive all the Men (now) in *England*, and from the Policy and bounty of Kings, and *time out of mind of man to the contrary*, Liberties and Freedoms have been granted to Corporations, and particularly *that of chuſing Burgeſſes* in *Burroughs*, ſo that *no Hiſtory can trace its original and beginning* more than the head of *Nile*; and all *Engliſh-mens rights* are ſo *confirm'd by Magna Charta*, and many other Statutes, that it has alwaies been accounted Treaſon to *endeavour the alteration of the fundamental Laws*; and no doubt but Juſtice will in time find men out, if they endeavour it, lurk where they will, *ſhort-ſighted Projectors are they* that would pull down Foundations, and *Corner-ſtones*, in hopes to ſave their *own heads*; when it is the neareſt way, and *ſhorteſt way* (they could take) *to Tyburn*, if they ſhould *run for a Wager*.

Obſ. Why? *Who endeavours to take away Foundations*?

Trim.

Trim. All they that (by any means whatsoever) endeavour to make the House of *Commons* the House of *Courtiers*.

Why does his sacred Majesty (of blessed memory) so commend the constitution of our *well-pois'd Government*, above all the nations of the world? saying, That to prevent *Anarchy* we have a *King and House of Lords*, to poise and ballance the House of Commons; to prevent *Arbitrary Power and Tyranny*, we have a *House of Lords and House of Commons*; and to prevent the worst of Tyrannies (*Aristocracy*.) we have a *King and House of Commons*: which if turned to a House of *Courtiers*, where's the *poise*, where's the *Ballance*?

Obs. But we have a just and gracious King, that will wrong no man.

Trim. And *long may he live and reign*; but the King cannot see with his own Eyes *every where*, but the Law is omniscient and omnipresent in *England*, or *should be* so, to decide all Causes, and shelter *good* Subjects, and punish the *bad*.

Obs. Why? Can any man be a *bad* Subject that is *for* the King, or a *good* Subject that is *against* him?

Trim. No; *It is impossible* that a *good* man can be *against* the King, or a Rebel; and also impossible that a *bad man* can be *for the King*.

Obs. Why, Are not all these Debauchees, Whore-masters, Cursers, Drunkards, Swearers, and Blasphemers, whom we call true *Tory-Boys*, are not they, I say, for the *King*?

Trim. No, no; they are the worst Enemies that the Crown of *England* can possibly have, not only *by being open Enemies to God*, and consequently *pulling down his Wrath*, Judgments, and Indignation upon the Kingdom, (no small piece of Treachery) but to *gratifie their Lusts and Revenge*, are always with their hasty, *heady*, rash, *precipitate* and sanguinary *Councils*, disobliging *Mankind*, as well as *God*, *Humanity* as well as *Divinity*, with their *firm, hardy, and unalterable Determination* of *Execution*, Execution.

Obs. Oh! Your humble Servant, *Trimmer*, you are not for putting the Laws in *Execution against Nonconformists to Uniformity*, the Act for Uniformity.

Trim. No; *not except* it be put in Execution against *Tory-Nonconformists*, equally, impartially, indifferently and as *severely* as against *Whigg-Nonconformists*.

Obs. E dad, it is all one to me; for I am for the Church of *England, and am not a Papist of the Church of* Rome, *nor do I side with that Religion, or so much as meddle with it.* Obs. n. 271. Jan. 13. 83.

Trim. We'll do with you *herein* as with great Travellers, when they tell *things scarcely credible*, better *believe* it than *go to see*; it is not worth the *Privy-search*; though of *the two*, it would be for *your honour* rather to be of *the worst* Religion, than of none at all; and rather *ridicule all sober sense*, and the fundamental Laws, as a *well-meaning Papist and Zealot*, than (if as a base Hireling) only to *provide for your Belly*, as you confess. Obs. n. 265. Decemb. 30. 1682.

Obs. E dad, I am for *Uniformity*.

Trim. I *do not concern my self*, nor does any wise or sober man concern himself, *who* or *what* thou art for, further than to be glad thou art not for his side; for *such as you only discredit* the cause you would promote, be it never so *good*.

Obs. I am not *for the good old Cause*, every body knows that.

Trim. All the better, or rather, *more is the pity*.

Obs. Why so?

Trim. Because thou wouldst then be a *Promoter*.

Obs. I hate, and *scorn the Office*, so inconsistent *with a Gentleman*, and a Man of Honour.

Trim. I say, *thou art a Promoter*.

Obs. Bear witness, I wish I had *honest Nat. here*, or some of his Country-men to *bear witness*.

Trim. Call whom thou wilt, I say again, *thou art a Promoter*.

Obs. Of what? You mean *Roguishly*; do you mean *I am a Promoter of close assignations*, to bring things *and things together*, (*Anglice*) a Pimp? But, E dad, a Pimp is ten times a better Trade, and a safer *Trade*, as well as an *honester* Trade (you think) than a Spy or *Observator*; no man is hang'd for pimping, but preferred many times (*the right way*,) and advanc'd; whereas (commonly) the Gallows takes the last view *of a Spy or* Observator. A *Promoter*? I scorn it.

Trim. I say again, *Thou art a Promoter*.

Obs. Of what?

Trim. Of the good Old Cause.

Obs. I gave thee the Lye just now, after another great example in Print; and E dad again, *God forgive me*, I was just going to *swear you so*.

Trim. By my truly, you could not *promote the good Old cause* more (if you would hang

your

your self, than *by appearing against it*, though the favour merits no thanks from the Non-con's, nor blame from the Con's, because you meant it not. Do men gather Grapes of Thorns? Nor can they expect any good from an old *weather-beaten Weather-cock*, an old *any thing*, an old *every thing* but what is *vertuous*, an old *goatish*, and therefore *goutish*, Ob-

Obſ. n. 265. *ſervator*! That (as you ſay) *Dec.* 30. 1682. 'Because *the Obſervator has got the Pox in* 'his Bones, *therefore the Devil is in* the Trimmers, (or *the good old Cauſe*, you might have 'added,) why, thou canſt not live without teaſing ſomthing or other: And every Twinge 'in your Toe breeds a Maggot in your Head: 'Tis the very humour of the damn'd to re-'venge the fire in their own Tails, upon any thing that's near them.

Obſ. Thoſe are my own words, *I taught you* Satyr.

Trim. I durſt not otherwiſe, Nay I would not however otherwiſe have made ſo bold, as to judg and cenſure what *might be the cauſe* of your Gout, for I do not think the Poet a *true Prophet* when he ſaid,

As *Gout in Age* from *Pox in Youth* proceeds,
As *Wenching paſt*, then jealouſie ſucceeds:
The *worſt Diſeaſe* that Love and Wenching breeds.

CHAP. VI.

Obſ. WEll, *then* come on *Trimmer*, ſince you are ſo bold as, of your own mettal and accord, thus to come into *the Ring*, and into the Liſts with me, why doſt thou not anſwer my *Challenge*?

Trim. You have made ſo many Challenges, and ſent them to the Trimmers publickly, *weekly*, and ſomtimes *daily*, throwing down *your Gage* in every Coffee-Houſe, that I *know not which of them* I ſhould firſt take up.

Obſ. n. 271. *Obſ.* I mean, then, my *laſt bold Challenge* to thee, ſent out, *Jan.* 13. 1682. Anſwer me before we part; What's become of all the Actions againſt the late *Lord Mayor*, for uſurping upon the Rights of the City? And how goes it with the new *Sheriffs*? Did thoſe of the laſt year quietly *give up poſſeſſion*? Did the Priſoners refuſe to plead or no? How were things carried upon the *Scrutiny*? What became of *Kid*'s Action againſt Capt. *Broomer*, and the *Jeſuited Janizaries* that beat up the Conventicle in *Exchange-Alley*? And how came Coll. *Quiney*'s buſineſs off?

Trim. Would you have diſtinct Anſwers to each?

Obſ. No, that's needleſs, anſwer them by *lump*, for they are *all of a lump*, and therefore I have *bound them up together*——

Trim. And *in groſs*, groſs enough.

Obſ. But what haſt thou to ſay to them *Trimmer*, or what *dareſt thou* ſay to them?

Trim. This is *your* way, firſt to challenge a man, but then (*to make all ſure*) tye up his hands; ſhall I have equal Liberty, and fair-play?

Obſ. God forbid elſe; *Juſtice* and *Honour* pleads for you, that you ſhould have *as much liberty to anſwer* my Queſtions, as I to propound them.

Trim. Then you will not firſt challenge me to a diſpute, and to make all ſure of your ſide, *gagg me*.

Obſ. I ſcorn it, I am more a Gentleman, and a Scholar.

Trim. Still for all this, I am a *little jealous of thee*, and fearful, For thou haſt got the *weather-gage*, and therefore you inſult ſo, baſt, challenge, and *vapour*, knowing whoever encounters thee to *Lee-ward*, his own Powder and ſmoak *flaſhes in his face*.

Obſ. I'le wave the odds, come on *boldly*.

Trim. It is *not in your Power* to ſtemm the Tide, nor change the Wind, nor to make it blow indifferent, and with a *ſide-wind*, equal to both ſides, and therefore I'le only ſay, *what an aweſe art thou* to put the queſtion? How came the late *Lord Mayor*, the *new Sheriffs*, the *Scrutiny*, *Broomer*, the Jeſuitical *Janizaries*, and *Quiney*, how came they *off*? ſaiſt thou, moſt inſultingly; when it is well known that their *great Cauſe* never *yet came in*, never hitherto has been under legal conſideration, much leſs legal determination, and ſentence: what rewards or puniſhments *they merit*, *concerns not a baſe Obſervator*; and for my part, *I am bred to more modeſty*, than to meddle with ſo matchleſs and *ſtupendous* a

matter,

matter that *no Engliſh Hiſtory can parallel it* in times of Peace. Prethee therefore let us leave *it and them*, to legal Tryal, and the Deciſion of the Laws.

And ſince you are ſo bold to ask queſtions, give me leave to ask thee ſome.

Obſ. With all my heart, it is but juſt and equal.

Trim. Then what deſerve they that by confederacy *commit a Rape* upon a *Virgin*, a Sacred Virgin, *a Veſtal?*

Obſ. An Halter; every Mothers Son of them, there's a wiſe queſtion, *who knows not that?* 'Tis *like the wit* of a Trimmer.

Trim. What deſerve they that commit a rape, or attempt to commit *a Rape upon a Widdow?*

Obſ. Oh! ho! I begin to *underſtumble you*, E dad, I will not tell you.

Trim. Neither tell I thee what they deſerve that commit a *Rape upon the Sacred Laws*, that Raviſh mens rights, and civil liberties with the Sword, and offer violence to the Law.

Obſ. Why? *Who did?* If I knew of any ſuch Monſters, I would ſay, *hanging is too good for them*; for, as the *Romans* (who had made no Proviſion in Law againſt *Parricide*) *were at a loſs* for an equal puniſhment, when a Villain (once) kill'd his Father, the Author of his *own life and being*, perſwading themſelves that the world *could never* produce a *Monſter* of *ſuch* a Ghaſtly, and *unnatural ſize*, ſuch a Prodigy, and *By-blow in nature*; even ſo, to *violate the Sacred Laws* with force, and a *long Sword* in time of Peace, without declaring Hoſtility againſt the Laws, from whom we have our life, our beings, our well-beings, liberties, protection, eſtates and birthrights continued and derived to us, is ſo *prodigious a Crime*, that no puniſhment in this world can *poſſibly equal it*; that a few men ſhould by force (which yet is moſt eaſy in quiet times) cut the banks and boundaries of Laws and Societies, is more prodigious from *its cauſe and effects*, then from the *Act* it ſelf; any Boy, any *Eroſtratus* may *burn* the Sacred Temple, (as *he* did that of *Diana*) a goodly fabrick, as any in the world, the wonder is (firſt) in the *cauſe*, (that ever ſo much villany ſhould enter into mortal breaſt, and upon what temptation,) and (ſecondly) that *ſo weak*, and contemptible *a Creature* could produce ſuch *diſmal effects*; but what *Eroſtratus's do you mean?* How, do you *apply* this diſcourſe?

Trim. It needs no application; for I am only ſpeaking of puniſhments due to thoſe that commit a Rape upon *Widdows*, or the Sacred *Laws*.

Obſ. Why? Who did?

Trim. Who ſales *who*? Does your Conſcience, or any mans Conſcience accuſe him?

Obſ. Not in the leaſt.

Trim. Then ſit you merry.

Obſ. You cannot mean it of me, or *Quincy*, &c.

Trim. Why ſhould you or any man elſe that is innocent ask ſuch a frivilous queſtion? If I ſay, he that commits a Rape, deſerves to be hang'd, will you be offended?

Obſ. No; I am not concern'd.

Trim. Then how impertinent art thou to ſay, *do you mean me*, or *Quincy?* Eſpecially ſince (quite contrary) inſtead of puniſhment for any Crime, the *late Lord Mayor*, new *Sheriffs*, *Brasiers*, Jeſuited Janizaries (*none but a friend durſt have call'd them ſo, Jeſuited Janizaries!*) and *Quincy* have had *thanks* for their pains.

Obſ. By ſome that were as *deep in the dirt* as they in the mire; you would ſay.

Trim. What? You do lie upon the catch, do you? If you do, all the Company can teſtify, that I never ſaid that any body elſe gave them thanks, or that they (that did give them thanks) had not cauſe to do ſo.

For, (ſeven) *dayes* know when they are overloaded unconſcionably, and *more then they are able* to bear, and therefore beat them, till your *hearts ake*, and your Cudgels break, they'le not ſtir a foot, when *overburthen'd out of all reaſon*, and meaſure.

Obſ. I tell thee Trimmer, ſince you ſeem *ſhy*, and *wary*, *chary*, and fearful to diſcourſe of that great buſineſs of the late *Lord Mayor*, new *Sheriffs*, *Jeſuited Janizaries*, and *Quincy*, yet it was a buſineſs (then which) nothing is more diſcours'd of (*myſteriouſly*) at this day; and, (indeed) which more ſticks on ſome mens ſtomachs! Indeed it was a *great buſineſs*, but E dad, it was *neceſſary*, there was *no other way* to bring things to ſo fair a paſs as now they are; it was the very *hinge of affairs*, when things ſtood *wavering in equal* Ballance, and *whether for a Penny*, then came *Quincy* with his Hand and Sword (*which weigh'd juſt a pound*) and turn'd the Scales.

Trim. It was *boldly* done.

Obſ. E dad it was, and moſt *courageouſly*, the ſlaves never durſt mutter ſince, nor *ſcarce ſay muff*; and have we not carried it ever ſince in Courts, in Sheriffs, in Juries, in every thing, ay and in Execution, Execution.

Trim. And ſo you *win*, becauſe you *bowl alone*.

Obſ. E dad, we carry the *Goal*, *We got the Ball*, took it, *and run ſheer away* with it.

Trim. Nay, you have *loſt your old wont elſe* (Tory;) for ever *ſince I firſt* knew you, all the world can witneſs *that you were as good* (or better) *at your Heels* than *your Hands*: But away with your provocations to this diſcourſe, I am ſick on't; Therefore, to put you out of it, prethee tell me, how does *thy Feet*, Heels, and *Toes*?

Obſ. Ay dad, like my ſelf, *worſe and worſe* this cold weather and hard times. But *away with this diſcourſe*, I like it not.

Trim. It is of *your own raiſing*, I will *make no occaſion*, it is *you that firſt* mentioned *Quincy's* buſineſs.

Obſ. E dad, That *buſineſs* has done *ſome peoples buſineſs for evermore*.

Trim. And a day longer.

Obſ. It was an *Heroick Act*: *Alexander* cut the ſacred *Gordian-knot* with his Sword, which none *but ſacred Hands* did tie, nor could unlooſe.

Trim. *Quincy's* Act was a matchleſs Act, no ſtory can parallel it; for *Alexander* did it in time of War.

Obſ. Time of War, or time of Peace: Tell *not me*; it was a *neceſſary* buſineſs, *neceſſary to the Cities Peace*, and Kingdoms Peace, and to prevent Riots and Tumults, *by way of prevention*, E dad, and *preoccupation*.

Trim. Do you think that the *beſt way to prevent tumults* in Weſtminſter-Hall is to fill it with Souldiers, and awe the Judges, and do them violence?

Obſ. I do *not know what to ſay* to that.

Trim. Raſh man in a ſtorm leap into the Sea for fear of drowning, notable policy! Thus *Gondamor* (the *Spaniſh* Ambaſſadour) moſt politically would have perſuaded King *James* to cut off *Sir Walter Raunleigh's* Head, (a Head that would have *become the beſt* Shoulders in *Spain*) by way of *Prevention* and timely foreſight, *before he went to* Guiana, proving the juſtice of the Policy from a ſtory of a Woman, that *whipt her Daughter beforehand*, leſt ſhe ſhould break the Pitcher. *Oh rich!* Do but you hang up the firſt man you meet, *for fear he ſhould ſteal your Horſe*, by way of prevention, and I'le ſecure you he ſhall never ſteal him. It is the very policy of *Herod*, who was ſo circumſpectly provident, that he killed all the male Children of *Bethlehem* to ſecure himſelf *from a King of Gods making*.

Obſ. Trimmer, Trimmer, *Neceſſity has no Law.*

Trim. Nobs, Nobs, This was the *old Plea for Ship-Money*, and other illegal Taxes and Oppreſſions, afterwards *condemned by* King Charles *the Firſt, and his Parliament*; becauſe (*quoth ſome*) the Crown could not want them, it was ſo poor and neceſſitous; which aggravated their Crimes, that by *their long* at Court kept off Parliaments Twelve long years, thereby keeping up a miſ-underſtanding and bad *Intelligence*, for want of that *due and uſual Correſpondence* betwixt the King and his People in *the old fundamental way* of Parliaments, whereby the Exchequer was brought *into ſtraits and neceſſities*, borrowing (I *have cauſe to ſay*) what was never paid to this day: And to expiate ſuch Crimes, they brought Mr. *Neceſſity* (*a Son of their own begetting*, and the ſpurious Iſſue of their Luſts) *to vouch them*; and, what was the *Iſſue*? Did it not at length aggravate their puniſhments as well as their *Crimes*, if you *mark the end on't*?

Obſ. That was in the late Inteſtine Wars: *Thoſe days are done.*

Trim. And I truſt in God they *will never return*; and that they may never return, *the ſureſt way* (as well as the beſt way) is *to get out of the dirty and fatal Road* (as faſt as may be) which leads to *ſuch diſmal Ends and Ruines*, abſtaining from *all violation of the ſacred Laws*, and illegal Rapes, which (like that of the chaſte *Lucrece*) occaſioned the Civil Wars at *Rome*, to the Ruine of the Kingdom. He that *uſes a Sword in a Court of Juſtice*, muſt throw away the Scabbard; for *Nile breaks looſe* (many times) *like the Sea* (when the Banks are cut,) *(an eaſie matter to perform* in times of quiet by *ſome hands*,) the boundaries which the Laws have ſet *are eaſily violated*, but then, *all Hands together* are ſcarce able to *ſtop the Breach*, and prevent an univerſal Deluge.

Obſ. But what's all this to my Queſtion, how *Quincy* and the reſt *came off*?

Trim. I told thee before I would *not meddle with them*, and therefore I have nothing at all to ſay to them, but what you ſaid to *Madam Trimmer*, *Have no recommendation to them*, and tell them we all *Provide for the Belly.*

Obſ.

Obſ. I (amongſt others) am greedy *enough of the Bait*, but (you adviſe me to) *have a care of the hook.*

Trim. *He that's undone* is out of Fortune's *Power*;
They that *lie low* as Earth *can fall no lower.*

Obſ. There *is no Remedy*: The word is *gone out* from me: *Ipſe dixi*: (αὐτὸς ἔφα) The *Sentence is paſt*. There is no other way left but *EXECUTION, EXECUTION, WITH A FIRM, HARDY, AND UNALTERABLE DETERMINATION.*

Trim. And leſt ſo *portentous a ſentence* ſhould eſcape *admiration*, you print it in *great* (your ſhould not need) *Capital Letters*: Let it be *writ upon your Tomb.* Obſ. n. 269.

For as you live in *the ready Road* from *Newgate* to *Tyburn*, ſo alſo if your Tomb happen to be within a *mile of the Gallows*, no Epitaph can be more *proper* for you, nor more *immortalliza* your name to Poſterity, than *EXECUTION, EXECUTION, WITH A FIRM, HARDY, AND UNALTERABLE DETERMINATION.*

It is the very *Quinteſſence of Devilry*; for no Mortal *in his own confidence*, could have ſaid it; he muſt be *more than man* that could be ſo far *diveſted of all Humanity*; or was *the Devil in you?*

If you had lived 1600 years agoe, *what a happy Tutor* might you have been (Mr. *Nobs,*) to the *Roman* Government, as well as now to *ours*! what an *Obſervator* has *Nero* and *Caligula* loſt (*dull Truants in Execution,*) they might *have gone to School* to thee, *Nobs:* For they alſo *ſcorned all moderation, mitigation*, qualifications, *abatements, promiſes, undertakings*, importunings, *relentings*, repentings, *ſupplications*, prayers or *tears*, whinings and *deplorings*, ſcorning alſo all *diminutive and Retail-Executions*, and leſt their humanity ſhould have time *to wamble* in their bowels, wiſhing that *Rome* had but one common *Neck*, *that one* blow *might diſpatch the Execution, Execution, with a firm, hardy, and unalterable determination.* If Lions, *Bears*, Vultures, *Serpents*, Dogs, *Towzers*, Foxes, *Cats*, Tygers, *Aſſes*, Bulls or *Wolves*, had never been ſeen on earth, yet *that there are ſuch* Beaſts might eaſily be *gathered from their bratiſh natures* ſo viſible and apparent in *beaſtly men, roaring, rending, tearing, hiſſing*, biting, *barking*, ſnapping, *clawing*, devouring, *braying*, bellowing, and *howling* in brutiſh men, their *counter-part*: And if we had *no other* Arguments *that there are Devils*, yet are *their natures* (even to demonſtration) *evident*, *their Devilry* being ſo *viſible* in deviliſh men, their *true counterfeit* and Charter-part. Which made *Cicero* (though a Heathen) ſay to a *prodigious Wretch*, a very *monſter of a man*, for *miſchief and Execution, with a firm, hardy, and unalterable determination*,

——— *Multa quidem ipſe,*
Multa ſed & dæmon tibi ſuggerit.
Some Crimes come from ſome *Dæmon*, or *ſome Elf*,
Some from *no other* Devil *than thy ſelf.*

Much of thy wickedneſs comes *from thine own* villanous *heart* (*ſaith* Cicero) but *much alſo* the Devil *taught thee*; *Execution*, Execution (*quoth he*) with a firm, *hardy, and unalterable determination. This Wiſdom* comes *not from above*, but is earthy, ſenſual, *deviliſh*; a few more ſuch *Phaetons*, ſuch *Eroſtratuſſes*, ſuch *Spitfires* are *enough* to anticipate Dooms-day; by *ſetting the world on fire*, and to ruine themſelves too *in the common Flame.*

FINIS.